

**PRICE** IN ST. LOUIS, ONE CENT.  
OUTSIDE ST. LOUIS, FIVE CENTS.

Continued on second page.







# THE SUBURBAN GARDEN AFFAIR.

CITIZENS AND OFFICIALS DENOUNCE THE OUTRAGE.

JUDGE HIRZEL'S PLAIN TALK.

Advices That Mr. Voelker Prosecute Henson, Then Have Jannopoulos's License Taken From Him.

Something more than a suit for damages will probably result from the assault upon Commission Merchant O. Voelker at the Suburban Thursday evening.

The park at Wells Station is outside of the city limits and the St. Louis authorities have no jurisdiction over offenses committed there.

The county authorities, however, have had the conduct of Mr. Jannopoulos's employees brought to their notice and it is probable that some action will be taken to stop to assault upon citizens there.

It is not the first time that the assault has reached the county authorities of outrage at Jannopoulos's resort.

The complaint was made over a couple of years, according to Judge Hirzel of the Circuit Court at Clayton.

The information that has reached the county authorities relative to the latest offense at Wells Station, Judge Hirzel has been informed. To proceed against the proprietors of the resort, Judge Hirzel states that it will be necessary that formal complaint be filed.

This will, no doubt, be done within a few days by Mr. Voelker.

He stated Friday that he intended to institute a civil suit for damages against the assault upon him on Thursday night.

Post-Dispatch reporter Saturday morning announced his intention to consult an attorney also with a view to instituting criminal proceedings against Henson and such other of the employees at the park as were connected with the assault upon him.

Since the publication in Friday's Post-Dispatch of Mr. Voelker's experience, he has received several letters from persons who witness the assault upon him.

One of these letters was from Dr. G. P. Gehring. Dr. Gehring wrote that he was in the park with his wife Thursday night and witnessed the assault upon him.

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# NERSED HIS WRATH.

After Two Years of Amistosity Clark Broke Wm. Godfrey's Nose at a Wake.

William Godfrey of 2808 Locust street went to a wake Friday night.

Saturday morning Mr. Godfrey was confined to his room with a fractured jaw and an ugly scalp wound on the back of his head.

These injuries were received about daylight Saturday morning, and were inflicted by one Clark, who had cherished an animosity to Godfrey for two years.

It appears that Clark has a sweetheart who is a stewardess. About two years ago, which Godfrey had just been appointed stewardess on the line between St. Louis and St. Paul, and Godfrey was the first to find the work behindhand and the stewardess to write out the clothes while waiting for the ship.

They declined to do so, and walked out. Clark was angry, and threatened to kill Godfrey, the latter says, but did not do so. He rather enjoyed him, and he did not care to have him in his room.

Some time afterwards the girl went back to work, and has since then been on friendly terms with Godfrey, who thought her sweetheart's enmity had died out.

Friday night there was a wake at 4744 Locust street, and Godfrey was there. He was rather drunk, and he was with him. He was rather drunk, and he was with him.

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# SHE WAS A BAD COOK.

So Thought Henry Meyer of Mrs. Clemens Fischer and He Had to Fight Her Husband.

Because Henry Meyer abused Clemens Fischer's wife, Friday night, Meyer has fifteen scalp wounds, and because Meyer would not accept the wounds peaceably, Fischer has a broken arm.

Fischer and his wife live at 1830 South Second street and Meyer boards with them. Meyer was not satisfied with the supper and he impudently put the cooking of Mrs. Fischer.

He said she put too much grease in the food. She said she didn't and he hit her. She said she didn't and he hit her.

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# SABBATH DAY IN GLASGOW.

EVEN THE BIRDS FEEL THE FETTERS AND DO NOT SING.

THE CHIMNEYS DON'T SMOKE.

Half the Inhabitants Lead Up on Whisky to Banish the Day's Dullness.

For the first time since I left New York a day has come which I have found almost so sorrowful to endure, writes James L. Ford in the New York Journal; a day that has crept by on leaden, awful footsteps.

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# "LITTLE GIB."

Enlisted at Ten, He Was the Youngest Soldier of the War.

Not to speak of the "wasted energy of manhood's prime," one of the greatest indictments against the war is that it robbed a generation of the youth of this country of the prime of boyhood, the last sweet days of carefree youthfulness.

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# THE FARE OF A HUNGRY ROBIN.

IT LIVED WELL, BUT NOT TO TELL THE TALE.

ITS ENORMOUS APPETITE.

An Unseen Observer Saw the Little Bird Devouring Its Portion of Forty Feet of Worms a Day.

When you reflect that the men of science have established the fact that a young robin may consume forty feet of worms in one day, and his parents must catch worms possibly for five young ones, making in all 200 feet of worms to be captured in one day, you begin to realize what it is to have a nest full of young robins to take care of. If there is any reader who thinks this is a trifling task just let him try to do it himself.

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# TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF THROUGH TRAINS AT UNION STATION, ST. LOUIS.

Consolidated Railroad.

St. Louis, Mo. to Chicago, Ill.

Chicago, Ill. to St. Louis, Mo.

St. Louis, Mo. to New York, N.Y.

New York, N.Y. to St. Louis, Mo.

St. Louis, Mo. to San Francisco, Cal.

San Francisco, Cal. to St. Louis, Mo.

St. Louis, Mo. to Portland, Ore.

Portland, Ore. to St. Louis, Mo.

St. Louis, Mo. to Seattle, Wash.

Seattle, Wash. to St. Louis, Mo.

St. Louis, Mo. to Tacoma, Wash.

Tacoma, Wash. to St. Louis, Mo.

St. Louis, Mo. to Portland, Ore.

Portland, Ore. to St. Louis, Mo.

St. Louis, Mo. to Seattle, Wash.

Seattle, Wash. to St. Louis, Mo.

St. Louis, Mo. to Tacoma, Wash.



















## WHERE WOMEN ARE THEFT.

### THE AMERICAN HOTEL AND ITS SALOON ADJUNCT.

#### HOME FOR PILFERING BAWDS.

A Place Where Men Are Robbed and the Police Never Convict the Thieves.

The downfall of young girls is perhaps the principal evil for which the proprietors of disreputable saloons will some day have to suffer, but there is a lesser one, more frequent and more notorious.

This is the robbery of unsophisticated men by the harpies of the street.

There is rarely a day passes when reports of this character are not made to the police of the Central District.

Time and time again, day in and day out, men lose from \$10 to \$500. They complain to the police. Perhaps a woman is arrested. No warrant is issued. It is useless. No case can be made. The proper proof cannot be obtained.

Usually the offender is prosecuted in the police court on some general charge, but which her life renders unmanageable. There may or may not be a small fine imposed, but that is all.

Only once in years has there been an immoral woman sent to the penitentiary for robbing and then the circumstances were unusual.

The down town street walkers make no attempt to conceal their main source of income is robbery. They see how safe it is. They practice it at it in the rife of a pocket just as if it were a simple matter.

It is a part of their profession.

The first proposition a woman of the streets makes to a prospective victim is that she treat her. If he consents, she steers him to a wine room where she is "all right." There are many such "ladies" in such places are not squeamish. Many of them have mistresses among their class of women. They do not mind the way of the successful accomplishment of any plan the woman may have to increase their check.

A skillful thief—and most of these women are skillful—will not attempt to rob a victim. That's a dangerous plan. She merely becomes affectionate, and before he knows it she has his money.

Watchers are rarely taken. If found on a woman that has been convicted, her money takes no tales. It can rarely be identified.

If a woman does not prove tractable in the wine-room, she is calmed into going to a room over the saloon and there the work is done. The woman who is a "robber" is a woman who is a "robber."

During conventions and the fall fair there were many reports of the "robberies" and all on account of the disreputable wine-room and the houses of assignation.

Half the robberies which occur in such places are never reported, but the victims have a wholesome fear of publicity.

Among all these notorious resorts where robbery is tacitly practiced, the "Robbers' Hotel," on the corner of Eleventh and Pine streets, is about the toughest. It is a regular "Harbor for Harpies."

The money taken from the pockets of unsuspecting men in this resort would start a respectable business. If it could all be got together, it is a pretty good sum of money.

It is a fact that the "Robbers' Hotel" is a place where men are robbed and the police never convict the thieves.

The saloon stands on the northeast corner of the street. The hotel entrance is a building of rather a tasteful appearance.

The wine-room is back of the bar on the Eleventh street side. The hotel entrance is on the Pine street side.

It is in run very much like all such places are, and gets its peculiar distinction only from the unusual cleverness of the women who consort there.

Ever since it was built a dozen years ago the building has had an unsavory reputation.

Cool Herbert was the first man to run a saloon there. It had changed hands many times since and is now run by two Italians, whose names are so long and complicated that even the police don't know what they are.

They are simply known by all the habitués of the place as "Antoni and Gus."

In other instances cited, the assignation house is not run by the saloonkeeper. Its proprietor is Frank Phelan, a son of old Dr. Phelan, who was at one time a man of considerable prominence.

Frank and several of his brothers have the reputation of being pretty tough characters. This trick of dividing the proprietorship of the saloon and the assignation house over it is apparently the result of an effort to evade the law.

One of the ordinances which the authorities think it best to keep is that one forbidding the licensing of houses of assignation or prostitution. In other words, it is the first half of the O'Neill law.

So the proprietors of such places who prefer this method of making a livelihood get around the provision by one man getting the saloon license and letting the other fellow run the assignation house.

There is no more reason for the existence of such a place as the American Hotel than there is for a brothel having a saloon license.

When the law is applied to it, it comes within the same category as the "Robbers' Hotel," the "Robbers' Hotel" and the "Robbers' Hotel."

It could be closed just as these other places could be closed if the authorities saw fit to move against it. Its safety lies only in their inaction.

The latter part of the O'Neill law of 1881 declares specifically that when any part of a building is closed if the authorities see fit to move against it. Its safety lies only in their inaction.

## LOCAL HONORS.

### Candidates for the Nomination for Appellate Judge in the Eastern District.

Maj. J. B. Dennis of Cape Girardeau, one of the candidates for Judge of the Court of Appeals for the Eastern District of Missouri, is at the Laclede.

The nominating convention will be held Aug. 15 at Uhrig's Cave.

There will be nearly 500 delegates in the convention and the nomination will be hotly contested for.

Maj. Dennis of Cape Girardeau, Judge C. C. Bland of Rolla and Attorney John W. Booth of Franklin are the foremost candidates.

There will be others in the race, however, and the convention will be a lively one. It includes also the city of St. Louis.

Just now the candidates are busily cultivating the good will of the sixty-nine delegates from the city. They are not in any way discouraged by the fact that a majority of them will prove the winner.

The friends of Maj. Dennis claim for him the solid vote of Southeast Missouri. This aggregates sixty delegates.

Judge Bland and Judge Booth will divide the bulk of the delegates from the Northern and Western counties in the district.

The nominating convention will be held at the Hotel St. Louis on Monday, Aug. 15.

His absence will add an additional element of uncertainty as to how the St. Louis vote will be cast.

There has been talk of a St. Louis candidate, but if one announces he will probably make the race as a "dark horse."

## CHARGES NEGLECT.

### Attorney Napton Complains That Court Reporter Goldsmith Is Derelict.

"I am just in receipt of Vol. 64 of the Reports of the St. Louis and Kansas City Courts of Appeal," said Mr. Charles M. Napton to a Post-Dispatch reporter. "Mr. Ben E. Goldsmith reports the Kansas City cases and Mr. David Goldsmith reports the St. Louis cases."

Mr. Napton said that Goldsmith's reports of the points made and authorities cited in the briefs filed by counsel in 64 cases from the Kansas City Court of Appeal, and in every one of the Kansas City cases, he has been derelict.

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## THE MORPHINE ROUTE.

### It Took Della Fox, Who Lived in Crime, Took It to the Unknown Country.

Della Fox is dead from a dose of morphine, self-administered, with suicidal intent, in a brothel on High street, where she had lived for many years.

Shortly after midnight last night, the fatal dose, but did not die until nearly noon on Saturday. The doctors at the City Hospital worked on her for hours, but without success.

After a life of only twenty years, more of which was of a desperate criminal nature, she was found in a ward at the hospital without telling a word of her history or the cause of her last crime.

Effects she had none except the cheap clothes she had on, and they were few and far between. Tucked away in that part of her person where her kind keep their treasures were found two letters from her lover.

They were signed "W. L. Schuchman, 407 West Bell place." The letters were written with expressions of undying love, followed by questions inquiring as to whether the police are after the woman who had been taken in their composition.

The other letter is devoted almost entirely to a lock of hair as an inclosure. Della had locked the door and had the front door open onto the narrow sidewalk. She was alone in the room.

Inside the door is a short counter and a table for cigars and tobacco. They were found on the table. Della had taken up a new pair of trousers and a pair of shoes. She was alone in the room.

It was a room of the kind which is usually given to a woman who is a prostitute. It was a room of the kind which is usually given to a woman who is a prostitute.

The clear story is only a bluff. No one ever really believed in Della's story. She was a woman who was a prostitute.

The question was answered for him Friday morning. He wanted \$200 in gold to place in a trust fund.

He knew exactly where to get it. Some time ago he had placed \$200 on deposit in the Bank of Commerce.

It was all in gold, and he had the 10 yellow double eagles, which he had paid in some time before.

The money was going from his office to the bank, but Dr. Dinsbeer was warmer when he came back, and he walked on the shady side of the street.

He drew a check for \$200 and handed it to the bank clerk. He had the 10 yellow double eagles, which he had paid in some time before.

"Please let me have that in gold," said Dr. Dinsbeer to the bank clerk.

"We can't pay you in gold," he remarked. "You can't have it in gold. We can't pay you in gold. We can't pay you in gold."

"I don't care," replied the clerk, "but it's a check for \$200. We can't pay you in gold. We can't pay you in gold."

And that was all he would say, while the man who wanted gold grew warm under the collar.

Finally he tore up the check and walked into the bank.

That was object lesson No. 1 on "sound money" for Dr. Dinsbeer.

When he returned to his office he sat down and discussed finance with himself for a few minutes.

Then he decided to go over to the Sub-Treasury and see if any "object lessons" were being given there.

He took with him \$70 in United States coin certificates.

He placed his gold for these, he said to the clerk, handing them over the counter.

The clerk slowly counted the notes out into three piles.

One pile was payable in San Francisco, he said, pointing to one; this in Washington, and this one in St. Louis.

The notes payable in St. Louis formed only a small proportion of the whole.

Dr. Dinsbeer went to the bank and got for gold deposited in banks; it was not sound enough for a United States Sub-Treasury to give gold in exchange for coin certificates, when presented.

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